

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, AUGUST 14, 1915.

CHOOSING HUSBANDS.

A New York woman, living in a fashionable Brooklyn district, is being subjected to good-natured ridicule because she advertised for a husband. She is a widow, good-looking, cultured, living in a pleasant home, with enough money in the bank to support her in modest comfort. But she is lonely. She has few acquaintances. She wants the love and companionship of a husband, and takes what seems to be the shortest and most practical way to find him—a liner ad, with such supplementary advertising as the papers have given gratis.

She has been embarrassed by her unexpected publicity, and yet, having a sense of humor, and an abundance of good nature, she gets amusement out of it. Moreover, she seems to be in the way of getting the husband she wants.

Another New York woman, moved by her example, has got into the game. She, too, is a handsome widow, an intelligent woman of southern birth and considerable refinement. She has no present means of livelihood except keeping house for friends, and she is frank enough to say that she is lonely and would much rather keep house for a congenial male partner.

Now, advertising for a husband may not be the ideal method; but if a woman chooses to do it, why not? At least, why should not a woman who wants a husband, as many women do, frankly look for him? This is supposed to be an age of mutual honesty between men and women, with the sexes at last on a par. If woman is man's equal, and man and wife are really partners in the work of life, why then if a woman likes a man, should she hesitate to tell him so? Why should only one partner to the marriage contract have the sole right to propose the partnership? Is it not a relic of the days when a husband, in theory at least, "supported" his wife in idleness? Both these women who advertised are economically independent, and propose to remain so—the one because of her comfortable home and income, the other because of her housekeeping ability.

It's easy to smile at the idea, and call it a humorous fancy, but we're coming to it as sure as feminism and sex democracy are in the air. And it's safe to say that when women choose husbands they'll be more sensible about it than men have been in choosing wives.

FIGHTING BOOZE WITH MEALS.

A spectacular conflict between Sobriety and the Demon Rum has been going on in the great industrial center of South Chicago. The first was started by the Illinois Steel Co. It opened a general campaign against alcohol, and displayed signs and posters in all parts of its plants, depicting the evils of strong drink. The propaganda began to have effect.

Naturally, the trade of the saloons in the vicinity of the plants fell off. Thereupon the saloon keepers started a counter attack. They established elaborate free lunches in their bar-rooms, and posted up placards in imitation of the anti-booze signs, telling the workmen how bad it was for them to eat cold lunches. "Don't come in to drink," they urged. "Come in and eat!"

That appeal worked so well that soon the men were eating their lunches in the saloons—and naturally drinking again. So the steel company was driven to new tactics.

It proceeded to open a restaurant in the plant, so that the men would have no excuse for going to the saloons. Here is a sample menu: Bowl of soup, two cents; roast beef and potatoes, five cents; tomato, one cent; coffee, two cents; ham sandwich, two cents; beans, two cents; ice cream two cents. There was no beating that. It kept the men healthy and efficient since it kept them away from the bars and saved them money.

Maybe there's a useful lesson in it. Why, indeed—even aside from the liquor question—shouldn't big mills and factories provide good, cheap, lunching accommodations for their employees?

WE WANT OURS TOO!

"Nobody has yet crossed our palm with British or German gold," laments the New York Evening Post. "Let Messieurs the subsidizers begin."

It is strange, the number of editors in America who have been overlooked in this lavish distribution of bribe money. For the gold is being scattered right and left. There's no doubt of it, if you take all you hear for granted.

The Cologne Gazette has explained that the whole American press—of course, with the exception of the German-American papers—has been bought by British bankers league with J. P. Morgan and the "ammunition trust."

Miss Pankhurst has countered with the declaration that the Germans have subsidized a large part of our press.

We have the word of German-American editors that 90 per cent of

plain American editors are subsidized by Great Britain.

W. J. Bryan avers that the widespread editorial criticism of him and his policies is paid for by the powder manufacturers.

Sen. LaFollette says that the eastern press has been purchased by vast sums spent in steamship advertising.

Altogether, it must indisputably be a great year financially for American editors. But why, in the name of justice, have the subsidizers discriminated against the papers hereabouts? We haven't got ours yet, and we haven't been able to find any of our contemporaries who have got theirs.

BOMBARDING CITIES WITH POEMS.

Imagine Lowell or Whittier helping the cause of the Union during the Civil war by flying over Richmond in a balloon and bombarding the residents with copies of their war poems.

You can't imagine it, any more than you can imagine Kipling raining poems on Berlin. And yet that is precisely what the Italian poet, d'Annunzio did the other day at Trieste, the Austrian city inhabited by Italians, which King Victor Emmanuel's forces are trying to "redeem." Mounted on an aeroplane like the mythical Bellerophon on his Pegasus, d'Annunzio flew over Trieste showering down pamphlets printed with the verses of burning eloquence with which he has set Italy on fire, and on which he counts to rouse an invincible spirit of revolt in the Trieste citizens of Italian blood.

It would win laughter in any country but Italy. There, the people take their poets seriously. Though a scholar, a classicist and an esthete—anything but what we should call a "popular poet"—he has a tremendous hold on the Italian public. It is he, more than any other man, who drove his country into war, and who inspires it.

TO HELP IMMIGRANTS.

The suggestion of the federal secretary of labor for solving the "manless land and landless man" problem seems to be an excellent one. He simply proposes to use the tax paid by arriving immigrants to help distribute those immigrants around the country where they are needed and where they will find congenial opportunities.

The "immigration head tax" amounts to about \$10,000,000 a year, though of course it is far smaller at present while the war checks the immigration movement. This money, says Sec'y Wilson, was never intended as a source of income to the government. There could be no legitimate objection to using it in protecting the immigrant and getting him properly started in his new life and work.

But as a matter of fact, he adds, money so utilized could be repaid, and the fund could thus be made "rotary," operating as a permanent and ever-increasing endowment for the proper distribution of immigrants and their initiation into American industry and citizenship.

HELL STUDY IT.

All indications are that Pres't Wilson has been stirred to action toward adequate national defense; but the extremists, who are prone to think the administration has been stampeded and is running headlong into the billion dollar proposition, are doomed to disappointment.

Being persuaded of the necessity, as well as the popular demand, for a greater navy, the president sets right out to set one, but in a strictly business-like way. The best advice, both inside and outside the naval department, is being sought; a sane and sensible program is being arranged. The president, finding out the country's needs, will satisfy them to the best of his ability, but he is not going to go to the jumping-off place in doing so.

What the country really needs and what hungry naval contractors say it needs, are different things. Wilson is attempting to exactly gauge that difference, before he gets real busy.

WAR UPON MOSQUITOES.

The old slogan of swat the fly or swat the mosquito indicates what used to be considered the proper method of eliminating those irritating and, what is far worse in this antiseptic era, insanitary creatures. But swatting the mosquitoes one by one will do little toward eradicating these pests.

What is needed is not an attack upon such vagrants as may make night melodious, but a determined assault upon the places where they breed, the destruction of their swamps and pools.

This was the course followed by Maj. Gen. Gorgas when he cleaned up the canal zone; this is the method which should be applied in cleaning up any city or place.

Desultory attacks could be launched from now till the end of time with little effect; but being sprayed with oil, right in their intransigent, is more than the "hardest mosquitoes" can stand.

AS IT LOOKS.

Germany having captured Warsaw now faces the problem of providing

for nearly a million additional civilians, for the Russians, it is reported, have devastated the surrounding country so that the city cannot long subsist on itself and its tributary territory. From a standpoint of moral effect the victory is a great one but moral effect counts but little in a fight to the death.

Besides the Russian general staff have willy nilly discounted the moral effect by giving logical reasons for the withdrawal of their army, which seem to be borne out by patent facts.

The taking of Warsaw is unquestionably a notable feat of arms but to the layman its only result is that it gives Germany another bag to hold.

Maybe we are wrong; we generally are when we assume the role of military critic.

WHEN THE SHEPHERDS FIGHT.

Because of an invitation to Rev. Billy Sunday, Rev. Charles Aked, formerly Rockefeller's New York pastor, resigns from Frisco's committee of one hundred, saying that there's no such heaven or hell as Billy preaches.

It's the same old, old trouble! Just as us miserable sinful sheep begin to think that we're being led in the right path to salvation, along comes a fight among the shepherds, and we get all mixed up as to which are the ways to heaven and which those to hell. Can't they agree on a happy medium between Rev. Aked's respectable sort of a hell and Rev. Sunday's disreputable pit of roaring brimstone?

A mother was severely reprimanded by a Brooklyn, N. Y., judge because she let her boy, sixteen, and girl, ten, camp out healthfully on the seashore for a few weeks during her necessary absence, instead of cooping them up with city relatives in a little flat in a treeless street. Funny how metropolitan life tends to destroy common sense.

Houston, Texas, is making a new record. Within the last 28 weeks there has been 28 homicides in that city. Texas, you know, is a state where there's a law prohibiting the sale or carrying of pistols but as the large majority of these crimes were shootings, it is evident that the law has missed the mark about a mile.

A group of girl students at the Harvard summer school have pledged themselves not to marry before they're twenty-five. And the fact that they're sufficiently interested in matrimony to make a pledge like that is pretty good evidence that they're likely to break it the moment the right man comes along.

A prominent physician, addressing the American Osteopathic association, says that human beings should travel on all fours. Before we give our emphatic approval of any such movement, we would like a photograph of Bill Taft galloping around the country that way, please.

Roumanian customs officials have found that carloads of beer barrels, packed in ice, destined for Turkey from Germany contained ammunition. Some smugglers themselves, those Germans, aren't they?

Dupont Powder company employing 50,000 operatives, has reduced working hours to eight instead of ten as at present, without reduction of pay. "Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Emperor Franz Joseph failed to felicitate Pope Benedict on the occasion of his name day. We opine that Franz Joseph's stock of felicitations is running awfully low.

Japan is head and shoulders with Indiana as a civilized nation, anyhow. Her cabinet is crumbling because of election rascality.

PUBLIC EXPRESSES SATISFACTION

Selection of Next Sunday's Book Gratifying to Our Readers.

Approval of the selection of "A Man and His Money," as the book for distribution to readers of this newspaper who present the coupon clipped from this Sunday's issue, bears out the fact that the publishers are certainly picking the very books which the public wants most from the long list set forth in the daily announcements of the plan.

Those who have received these novels in the past realize the high quality of the books as well as the high standard of the authors and the coming book is well calculated to hold its own with the best. It is a tale of adventure on land and sea; a story of a man who was down and out but who "came back" with colors flying, and there's not a dry chapter throughout the entire tale.

Don't miss it next Sunday—clip the coupon and present it at any of the branches mentioned in the announcement which appears on Sunday before Tuesday evening. No better summer reading could be wanted than these excellent fiction books, so be sure and get your share.

A LONG FAREWELL.

Private Doherty was six feet four in his socks, the sergeant was much shorter. The sergeant looked along the line. "Head up, there, Doherty!" he cried. Doherty raised his head. "Up higher," said the little sergeant. "There, that's better. Don't let me see your head down again."

"Am I to be always like this?" asked Doherty, staring away above the little sergeant's head.

"Then I'll say good-bye to ye, sergeant, for I'll never see ye again," New York Globe.

WHERE THEY ARE.

Aunt Mary (visiting in the city)—"I want to hear at least one of your famous grand-opera singers and see some of your leading actors."

Nephew (to officer, boy)—"Jimmy, get us some tickets for the vaudeville and movies."—Life.

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

THE CHALLENGE.

"There's many a slip 'Twixt the cup and the lip." She chuckled with bright eyes aglow. "Thanks," said he, "for the cue: 'It is risky 'tis true, 'But I'm mighty sure footed you know!'"

Then he took in his arms This maiden of charms, And gathered the sweets from those lips. He declared with a smile, That risk was worth while; And the "cup" is a stupid who slips. F. L. T.

BUT for the philosophers this world would be a nut. Listen to the one who says, "We have had dry summers for 20 years. It's about time we had a wet one."

WHAT the authorities seem to know is that Hazel Macklin is dead and that somebody killed her. For the arrest of Eversole they are unable to give a satisfactory explanation. It is out of such material as this that the webs of the law are woven.

"ST. ANNE'S," we inquired of the cashier just turned from her vacation, "is a wonderfully interesting place religiously, is it not?" "Oh, yes," she replied, "but there's nothing to do—not a soda fountain in the place."

OUR version is that the prospective opening of the Dardanelles is what has stopped orders from Europe for American wheat, and the only comment we think of now is darn the Dardanelles.

YET, along that line, we are not enamored of the idea of Hoke Smith and his fellow fire eaters of the south being the president's advisers in the present crisis. The impassioned

speech and the fierce gesture should be reserved for Fourth of July celebrations.

THE military progress of the time appears to be in complete harmony with our advance in civilization. The next step in sea-fighting will be a vessel which can slip into a harbor under water, bob to the top like a cork, destroy the city, take a header and sneak away.

While the Appetites Fed. (Cor. Argos Reflector.) Revs. Wyant and McNeely were there with their usual appetites for fried chicken and entertained the company with songs and short addresses.

"WHEN I was a boy," writes E. R. S., "a whippoorwill whippoorwilled in our peach tree every night, and it seems to me now it was the loneliest place I ever saw. I wonder whether it was just natchelly lonesome or whether the whippoorwill made it so."

A study in psychology or something. WE got through Friday, the 13th, without a scratch, and but for the war in Europe, the near war in Mexico, the Eastland disaster, the hard times and some more things like those we might think the numerous conjunctions of Friday and the 13th this year are a good omen.

WHY not invest your money in golf stock? "This course is wonderful," writes H. W. E. from Wykagyl, New Rochelle, N. Y. "It cost \$750 an acre. Even at that price they bought 1750 acres to permit them to sell lots for cottages. The course is now worth triple what they paid for it."

GOLF stock pays dividends three ways.

FINANCIAL, physical and mental. C. N. F.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

BETTER A MORATORIUM ON WAR

(Grand Rapids Press.) A German has come forward with a proposal to have a moratorium on Christianity declared for the rest of the war. He holds that Christianity and the practices of modern warfare are utterly irreconcilable, and that if people are bound to hate each other there is nothing gained by hypocritically appealing to the same God for assistance in blighting your fellow religionists.

People in masses cannot be as rational as all that. In a world without hypocrisy the moral atmosphere would be so rarified that apparently few could live in it as they live in the here and now. Certainly if all men saw their world clearly and saw it whole there would be no war. If men ever appreciated even the simple fact that Christianity and war are incompatible they would need to declare a moratorium upon Christianity because they would immediately declare one upon war. It is precisely because people are natural hypocrites that so many worthy people believe that they are doing the Lord's work, as well as the nation's, in killing their neighbors.

LLOYD GEORGE FIRST.

(London Observer.) Mr. Lloyd-George's example makes him at present the foremost figure. His animating and conciliatory genius we are convinced will work wonders. He has found the clinching phrase, "We have to organize victory and not to take it for granted." Now, as always, he prefers to take his risk by doing too much rather than too little, and doing it too soon rather than too late. That is just what we need. The curse of government departments, shocked by anything far in advance or excess of the usual, is the answer. "It can't be done." If Mr. Lloyd-George had not set himself to expunge that phrase from our national vocabulary it might have been the epitaph of the allies and the empire. Again, Mr. McKenna is certain of the success of the national loan, simply because he also has done the biggest thing possible and reached the national imagination. If it is once brought home to every man and woman in the land, even among the working classes, that our soldiers cannot have the stuff to fight with unless we find the money to buy it with—that money, in a word, is the matter of millions, and that we must give our savings to equip our sons—the whole future of the financial problem, huge as it is, will be more manageable.

RURAL CREDITS LEGISLATION.

(Great Falls Tribune.) In an address at San Francisco Speaker Clark made the prediction that the next congress would enact some sort of rural credits legislation. That is a part of the democratic program, and it was expected for a time that the late session of congress would pass a rural credits law. It is a large and difficult subject, however, and it was found that the knowledge on the subject was neither of sufficient volume nor definite enough to allow of going ahead without further study and investigation. The consensus of opinion in congress was that neither the French nor the German systems which have been successful in these countries, would work in the United States because of the entirely different conditions. Therefore delay was believed to be advisable until further time for study and investigation could be had.

Following the adjournment of congress a committee of experts was named by Secretaries Lane and Wilson of the departments of the interior and labor, at the instigation of the president, for further consideration of the whole subject. That committee has been at work now for some months and it is announced from Washington that it has not only been considering the subject of rural credits as formerly understood, but that it has taken up the even broader subject of relieving the labor congestion in the big cities through the extension of rural credits so that it will be possible to encourage the taking up of land on the reclamation projects and on other public lands of the country by the wage earners of the cities. The details of the plan have not yet been made public, but in a general

way it is proposed to extend credit to the landless and moneyless so that they will be enabled to get a start on the land, repaying the government by easy payments over a long term, such payments being sufficient to cover both principal and interest. If the administration can work this thing out so that it will be adaptable to the landless man who wants a home and at the same time be free, it will be another signal triumph in accomplished legislation which will take a place alongside of the federal banking system, the Underwood tariff bill, and the anti-trust laws of the recent session of congress. It is true that the administration will not have as big a majority in congress at the coming session as it had in the 63rd congress, but it is quite possible that a considerable number of republicans will join the democrats in passing a measure of such far-reaching importance to the country as a whole, and of such benefit to the class of our population which most needs legislative benefits.

Women are doing all kinds of work in Europe, and probably they would also in this country if they weren't too polite to take away the jobs from the men.—Waterville (Me.) Sentinel.

THE USE OF THE THERMOMETER

(Lexington Herald.) Temperature is not all a matter of weather. An expert in the government weather service points out the importance uses of the thermometer in both agriculture and housekeeping. "Temperature," says the expert, "is the most important element of the weather for us to know accurately." We look at the thermometer when torrid heat or zero weather are at hand, and it is the staple method for diagnosis when we are sick. We want to be cooler in summer and warmer in winter, if we did not look at the temperature register, and we would do things better, raise better crops, protect food supplies better against spoilage, have healthier rooms, do better cooking, make better butter, produce better milk and make more money in the sale of fish and oysters, meats, fruits and vegetables, if we kept close watch on the temperature and supplied the conditions for proper temperature control. No factory could turn out catsup and canned goods to keep without temperature control. One reason why the housewife does not always succeed in the baking of bread is because the loaf is not always raised in the proper temperature and not baked in an oven with the proper degrees of heat. Many orchardists know the average temperature of their hills and hollows. The temperature is not all the same over the same farm. Knowing the temperature best adapted to fruit growing and knowing the exact temperature of different parts of the farm is said to be a science. It is necessary to have a good thermometer, of standard make. There are, also, thermometers for various uses and they differ in construction. It is a good one to see "if it bears the name of the maker and that the scale is etched on the glass." It is interesting to note that a good thermometer must be accurate for a year or more before it is sufficiently accurate for use.

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TIME TABLE

Effective July 8, 1915. Subject to change without notice.

East Bound.	North Bound.	West Bound.
6:15 a.m.	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
6:30 a.m.	6:15 a.m.	8:00 a.m.
7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.	10:00 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	12:00 n.
9:00 a.m.	9:00 a.m.	2:00 p.m.
10:00 a.m.	10:00 a.m.	4:00 p.m.
11:00 a.m.	11:00 a.m.	6:00 p.m.
12:00 n.	12:00 n.	8:00 p.m.
1:00 p.m.	1:00 p.m.	11:00 p.m.
2:00 p.m.	2:00 p.m.	
3:00 p.m.	3:00 p.m.	
4:00 p.m.	4:00 p.m.	
5:00 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	
6:00 p.m.	6:00 p.m.	
7:00 p.m.	7:00 p.m.	
8:00 p.m.	8:00 p.m.	
9:00 p.m.	9:00 p.m.	
11:00 p.m.	11:00 p.m.	

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